

MY PRETTY TYPEWRITER

A romance of busy Broadway
BY EVAN STANTON

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"But I cannot help thinking that it would be more expedient on your part to defer this matter of business until the young woman has recovered."

"Under the circumstances, I think the house surgeon as well as the eminent physician who has charge of her case will agree with me that the matter should be deferred until she has recovered and has left the hospital altogether."

"The hospital is purely a place of healing. We are simply interested in Miss Dexter's broken ribs," he said, smiling, "and not with her private affairs."

"But in the case of a troubled conscience you sometimes send for a clergyman, do you not?" I inquired.

"The superintendent seemed so devoted regarding the matter that I thought it wiser to give him the fullest particulars of the case."

He took me from the waiting-room into his private office and, closing both doors, for there are two, he patiently listened to my statement.

"I did not omit a single point and I dwell very carefully upon every supposed 'clue.' I assured him that in the legal world, and I was myself a lawyer, Mr. Stevenson Smoot had an immense reputation."

"Oh, yes," he said, "we have all heard of Mr. Stevenson Smoot. He comes here occasionally and neither the nurse nor the doctor have the remotest suspicion that he is the great detective."

"He is in fact the Sherlock Holmes of New York. Only I have never heard of those hypodermic injections which form such an important factor in Mr. Holmes' life," the medical superintendent said with undiplomatic sarcasm.

"No," I replied, "Mr. Stevenson Smoot is not a theorist like Conan Doyle's crea-

I thought of my father's views on the subject of lawyers. The superintendent continued, "I must confess that I agree with Mr. Stevenson Smoot. Detectives are things so different from ordinary folk."

"There is something on Miss Dexter's conscience, and she will probably not recover until she has made a clear breast of it all to you."

"Ah, Mr. Burton, the superintendent continued with fearful eyes, 'as the father of grown-up daughters I must say it is a very sad thing for a beautiful young woman like Miss Dexter to be in this position. How deceptive is human nature! You cannot trust a pretty face. The soul is the standard of the man and of the woman also.'"

"I forgot to tell you," he said, "that this morning a young man somewhat short in stature called at the office and wanted to see Miss Dexter."

"My clerk thought he was a newspaper reporter, and said he could not be admitted, but from what you say he must have been her lover."

"Well, doctor, after all I have told you, you will confer a great favor upon me and possibly upon Miss Dexter also if you give strict orders that that young man must not be admitted to Miss Dexter's room."

"I felt that I had decided this case on a gentleman's word. But it was agreed that in the course of seven days I should call on Miss Dexter, and if she is in the hospital I should be allowed a private interview."

"I must confess that I walked down Park avenue as far as Fifty-ninth street with very misgiving feelings."

"I thought of the words of Washington Irving, which I remembered putting in a prize essay at Princeton:

AT THE PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL.



MISS DEXTER IN THE SURGICAL WARD.

Augusta Bantell, Who is Charged with Forging Orders for Goods on Big Department Stores, Talks Naively in Her Cell of Her Plight.

She doesn't look as if she ever laid a deep plot in her life. There is nothing about her fluffy hair and brown eyes and a trim black gown and nineteen years to suggest a deep plot. And Augusta Bantell is charged with successfully conducting, up to a certain point, a plot of undoubted depth.

She was in the Yorkville police prison last evening in \$1000 bail pending the investigation of the charge against her of forging orders for goods. All her pretty hair had fallen about a pair of very frightened eyes.

"I didn't know," she said, a little defiantly, "anybody could be arrested in New York for not doing anything."

"Not doing anything" was how she referred to the charge that she had forged an order from A. L. Namm, of Brooklyn, for two black skirts, a waist and a coat, and that she had ordered them sent to No. 64 First avenue. When the officers by a hot chase got there before the goods did they found her with a similar order for more finery in her pocket, drawn upon a Sixth avenue department store, and signed, she said, by Mrs. Namm.

The alleged deception was discovered by the presentation of the first order to another department store. There they looked at the order and at the bearer and remembered to have been swindled once before. They telephoned to Namm's store, No. 62 Fulton street, to see if four such articles had been ordered by Mrs. Namm. They had not, and the arrest followed.

Namm, however, is not the name of the girl's employer, as she is said to have stated. She was employed in the mail order department of a Brooklyn store. The latter she has never tried to defend, and nobody knows why she chanced upon Namm's name to sign to the order. Least said is soonest mended herself last evening.

Her Strong Denial.

"I never took a thing in my life that didn't belong to me," said Augusta Bantell, seriously. "It is all a mystery to me how this, that I didn't do, has made so much trouble."

"The girls in the store always said: 'So many things in all the stores and why couldn't we have some of them?' But I always said 'No, it wouldn't be right. Not if we couldn't pay for them.' Then this thing came."

Augusta Bantell speaks of it quite seriously, as if her arrest were greatly to be regretted, but impossible to have prevented.

"What did I do with the other things I took?" she asked after an Evening World reporter. "Why, I never did anything. I never took anything. I don't understand it. When they told me yesterday what I was here for I couldn't understand it. Surely, I hope nobody thinks I'm a thief?"

"Didn't you ever present any other order like this?" she was asked. She shook her head wonderingly, and looked like a grieved child.

Like a Grieved Child.

"That order was all right," she protested. "It was just that—well, they didn't seem to understand."

"Didn't you think you would ever be found out?"

"No," she said promptly; "there was nothing to find out."

"Why did you sign Mrs. Namm's name?"

"The order was all right," repeated the girl stubbornly. "The things would have come to the house all right."

"Why didn't you take a muff and a bon—were you going to get those at the other store?"

"I never had anything so grand," said the girl simply.

When she was called clever at the last she flashed a dazzling row of teeth in a smile that was hidden the next moment in her most grieved and childish look.

"It is all a big mystery to me," she repeated.

So it was to Namm, the man whose wife's name she is charged with signing to the order for goods. He does not know her, and no girl of such name ever worked for them.

PRETTY GIRL IS ACCUSED OF PLANNING BIG FRAUDS.



Augusta Bantell

Augusta Bantell lives at No. 710 McDonough street, and on the steps yesterday afternoon was a very pretty little girl, holding a very pretty baby. As soon as her sister's name was mentioned the little girl sprang to her feet.

Sister Hears of Gussie.

"Oh! thank you, thank you," she cried. "You came to tell me something about Gussie. We don't know where she is."

It developed that "Gussie" left home at a clock yesterday morning as usual to go to her work. But she did not come home last evening, nor last night. Her mother waited for her until after midnight, because she had never before been away from home a night in her life.

She did not come, however, and early in the morning the girl's mother, her father, Philip Bantell, a liquor dealer, and his brother made every inquiry that occurred to them. They telephoned all the hospitals and they got all the

newspapers, fearing the worst. But by some mischance no one saw the paragraph about her, and the father and uncle went to their work none the wiser. The sole bit of information they had was that she left the store where she worked at noon the day before, and had not come back.

Then the mother started out to find her daughter. When the sister of the girl who was arrested was told of her position she took it calmly.

"Oh! that's it," she said. "I was afraid it was a hospital. No, indeed, I am not afraid, but what can mamma do? Can she go over and get her? No," she added, "she was never arrested before, and she has never stayed away a night before in her life."

"When she was told what her sister had been arrested for she looked down at the top of the baby's head thoughtfully."

"Gussie always liked pretty clothes," she said. "And she always borrowed everything we've got—there's six of us."

"In my opinion, a good fair definition of drunk is as I shall apply it to this case, a person who is so intoxicated that he is unable to take care of himself."

WHEN IS A MAN LEGALLY DRUNK?

NEW RULING ON IMPORTANT POINT BY BOSTON JUDGE.

Magistrate Dewey Says If Man Overcome, Stupefied or Frenzied by Alcoholic Liquors.

BOSTON, Oct. 11.—Under a recent ruling of Judge Dewey, of the Municipal Court, it will hereafter be possible for the intemperate in Boston to enjoy many and various kinds of "jags" without liability of fine or imprisonment.

To be "legally drunk," as Judge Dewey views it, one must be "overcome, stupefied or frenzied by alcoholic liquors."

A slight or even perceptible "wobbling" in the gait, the mild excitement due to too many "high balls," are no longer to count in the general indictment.

Ex-Alderman Michael W. Brick, who was ejected from a restaurant as intoxicated, and was discharged by Judge Dewey, was the means of establishing this new definition of legal drunkenness.

In discharging him the judge said: "Many men drink to excess, and their minds are not affected, but their legs stagger. In the legal sense a man is drunk if he falls in the street and is not excited. Others walk and show no signs of excitement, but still are stupefied, are overcome and are without con-

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Blyn Shoes for Durability,
Blyn Shoes for Economy.

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For Men, \$2.00 to \$4.00.
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Three THIRD AVE., corner 122d St.
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We buy our woollens direct from the mills—there's no middleman's profit to pay. We make all our own clothing in our own workroom—no manufacturer's profits to pay—and besides in this way you get practical custom tailoring. This is why our Clothing is better than ordinary ready-made clothing. Covert medium length and the long loose Overcoats, in Oxfords and blacks, special at \$5. The smart Sack Suits in Cheviots, Cassimeres and Fancy Worsteds, special at \$15.

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To PREVENT and CURE MALARIA

Take DR. DECKER'S SHAKE NO MORE.

Sold by druggists everywhere, 50c. a bottle.

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder

AN ELEGANT TOILET LUXURY.

Used by people of refinement for over a quarter of a century.

The Paris TRIMMED HATS

An Extensive Variety of Handsomely Trimmed Hats.

With Black, White, Red, Blue, Green, Purple, Brown, and other colors. Made to order. Price \$4.00 to \$10.00.

EMPIRE THEATRE

JOHN DREW SECOND IN COMMAND. CRITERION THEATRE. WM. FAVERHAM I A ROYAL RIVAL. GARRICK THEATRE. LAST WEEK OF THE LAST WORK OF THE WEEK. HAWTREY A MESSAGE FROM MARS.

SOTHERN LOUIS MANN. CLARALIPMAN. THE RED KLOOF. MADISON SQ. Theatre. 24th Street at 11th Ave. FRIDAY, 10th. SATURDAY, 11th. SUNDAY, 12th. THE LIBERTY BELLES.

KNICKERBOCKER. METROPOLIS. 142d St. and 2d Ave. HERALD SQUARE THEATRE. ADM. 50c. MR. DALY. THE NEW DAN. LYCEUM. DAILY'S.

DALY'S. WALLACK'S. PHILIP'S. EDEN. HARLEN.

Amusements. PROCTOR'S. 230 St. 5th Ave. 125th St. SUNDAY AT 11. CONCERTS. MATHAN Theatre. MRS. FISKE. MIRANDA OF THE BALCONY. GRAND The Heart. CASINO. FLORODORA. PASTOR'S. FAUST. WARFIELD. WEBER & FIELDS. HOITY-TOITY. THEATRE REPUBLIC. AMERICAN. NEW YORK. LAST WEEK. THEATRE. VICTORIA. RUSSELL BROS. SWEET MARIE. KEITH'S. CINCQUEVALL. BROOKLYN Amusements. COL. SINN'S. MONTAUK. Captain Jinks. COLUMBIA. NORTHERN LIGHTS.

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SHORTER SKIRTS? WHAT A SHAME!

NOT IF WE KNOW IT, SAY BAY-ONNE WOMEN TO DR. MEIGS.

Proposed Ordinance for "Rainy Day" Dresses All Year Raises Commotion—Not Skirts.

Oh, women, in your hours of ease, inclined to do just as you please, Here is a rule which will seem rude: No long skirts must be tabooed; Wear shorter skirts, says Dr. Meigs, Though thereby you expose your feet. Or words to that effect.

Dr. Henry Meigs, of the Board of Health of Bayonne, N. J., will try to enforce one of his pet reforms by ordinance. He is convinced that the long skirts which women wear are detrimental to the public health, and will attempt to abolish the long and trailing garments by act of the Board of Health.

Will he succeed? Dr. Meigs is sanguine that he will.

"The Board of Health," he says orally, "has the right to prohibit any act which endangers the general health of the community. It is a fact well known to medical men that skirts which drag on the sidewalks and thus sweep up disease germs are a dangerous menace to the welfare of all citizens."

"They spread disease germs and make efforts to prevent contagion futile. At the next meeting of the Board of Health I shall introduce an ordinance prohib-

ing the wearing in public of garments which drag on the sidewalk. The ordinance as I will present it will provide for suitable fines for those who may violate it, and if it is passed we shall certainly enforce it to the letter."

"In earnest? Certainly, I am in earnest. Why not?"

The women of Bayonne, and in fact all those who live in Hudson County, are deeply interested in Dr. Meigs' proposed crusade. While a few of them assert that his proposed measure is a proper one and express the hope that he will be successful, others sniff at him at his ideas of reform.

"If Dr. Meigs thinks that he can regulate our dresses," declares one pretty woman whose gown is alike the envy and the distraction of half of feminine Bayonne, "he has something yet to learn. And if he enforces his absurd ordinance he will soon learn wisdom of a sort not taught in medical colleges. Wear short skirts because the law says so? Huh, I guess not. I'd go to jail first. The very idea."

JILTED, SHE TOOK POISON.

PATERSON Girl Attempted Suicide Because of Faithless Lover.

Miss Susie Slocum of Paterson, N. J., drank carbolic acid last night in front of her home and a physician says that she cannot recover.

The young woman was to have been married tomorrow to a young man who formerly lived in Paterson. Yesterday she received a letter from him saying that he had left town and would not return.

The girl bought the poison, walked to her home, poured it in quantity into the fluid. The letter from the faithless lover was found in her pocketbook.

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